

THE  
LADIES'  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY

OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE  
LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

—  
BY A FEMALE ANCHORET.  
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IN one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his boat. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and en-

thusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast isles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the depth."—Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaping to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.—"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of

darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips, from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swe-

dish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——"—"in one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly:—"Shew me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Nor-

wegian, he looked round the cavern-entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down-feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter-stock of oil and deer skins.—Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness:—I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor;" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well-satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, & he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only

confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein.—But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pas-



tor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round with a faint smile. They seated their guests amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!"—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting of it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—"My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofresfield." Brande advanced, slinging his musquet behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to night!" said Claribell; "a snowfall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage-contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence. —All were sleeping in Hosland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasp-

ing.—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well."—"He is safe," returned the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.—"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "Will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the Lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eye on the heap of rubles, and on her lover's face.—"Brande, you have murdered him!"—With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight—"Sir," said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provisions. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in

his, and secretly gave her all the rein deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage contract:—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it."---Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. "Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture:—"Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"---"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him:—"and I will not forsake them in life or death---Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face, and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorssen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself in obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree with mute

despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone:—"Norwegians!--I have no home!--I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."---"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause:—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."---The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "*I accuse him!*"---At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed:—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!"---With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue thro' the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labors. But his eyes seemed fixed on a hier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to

Norwegian mourners like the warbling of an Æolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice."

"The woman is his widow, then?" said the viceroy, shuddering.---"No, my lord:---her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us." While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him, with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.---"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.---"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.---"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande

was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish & reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:---you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues."---*European Magazine.*

*April 1817.*

### BIG BONE CAVE.

A description of the BIG BONE CAVE, in White county, Tennessee, by D. T. Mad-dox, esq. in a letter to a friend.

DEAR SIR,

On my way to this place, I was arrested by curiosity to visit the Big Bone Cave. The road leading to it, terminates in the angle of two mountains, forming as it were, the *foot* and *angle* of the great Cumberland range; in the angle of which yawns the mouth of this hideous cavern. The aperture is a semicircle, whose semidiameter is about fifteen feet. The sun was declining in the west, and his rays bore in a direct line against the mouth of the cavern, intermixing light and darkness with such hideous perplexity as to leave the mind in doubt, which of the two to adopt. At the same time that there issued from its mouth a column of smoke, occasioned by the burning of torches within, which gave to the whole an appearance that seemed to realize the most exaggerated picture of the infernal regions! While a smutty crew, in tatters, resembling nothing but devils incarnate, bore in black sacks, the nitre and sulphur which seemed to constitute the horrors of the place.

As the sensations excited by these appearances, were only ebullitions of the moment, and believing that where



there was so much to astonish without, there might be something to admire within, I determined to explore the cave. I therefore employed a guide, changed my clothes, procured torches, and entered the cavern.

The passage from the entrance is a serpentine grotto; sometimes 20, sometimes 50, & sometimes not 5 feet in altitude.—After traversing this grotto for several hundred yards, we arrived at the entrance of several new apartments; some to the right, some to the left; now turning at right angles, then obliquely, till we were lost in the labyrinths which a faint torch, and the various windings of the alleys, produced in this darksome abode.

We now had proceeded beyond the atmosphere of smoke, occasioned by the burning of torches employed to light the workmen. Till now, the sooty walls and ceiling of the apartments, had exhibited the most dismal and lugubrious appearance. The cautious wanderer hearing nothing but the indistinct echoes of hammers and pickaxes, dying upon the ear, with most appalling sounds, and seeing at intervals, the flame of torches, followed by men in the shape of devils, was easily impressed with the belief, that the place was inhabited by a thousand fabled Cyclops, occupied with bellows and forges in fabricating thunder.

But the whole appearance is now changed. We have ascended by means of a ladder into an upper suit of apartments; where the glassy smoothness of the ceiling, and the ornamented incrustations of the walls, seemed to render "darkness visible." This was the most spacious and beautiful apartment we had yet visited. The lower surface, though of clay, is smooth and even; the form is oval terminating in a narrow passage at each end; the walls beautifully enamelled with petrified salts, with here and there, projecting spars with various crystalized substances. The ceiling is concave, with a surface so smooth and glassy that the reflection of the light from our torches gave it the appearance of the stary firmament. On one

side of the apartment, I discovered a small aperture, that led by a gradual ascent, in the figure of a stair case, to more than half the height of the rooms. From this position I had a more ample view of the concave above, and the colonade below rising in pillars, which discover their semi-diameters in the sides of the wall, and reaching to the ceiling as if to support the roof.

When I descended to the lower surface, and surveyed the magnificent beauty of the surrounding walls, the sublimity of the spacious concave above, constructed with so much regularity and order, as if nature had sought in this subterraneous abode, to mock the work of art, it was impossible to resist the feelings which the objects around me naturally inspired!—Every thing was wonderfully beautiful, and awfully sublime!—But the idea of being three miles under ground, filled the mind at once with terror and apprehension.

My guide now informed me, that in this apartment had been found bones of a remarkable size and figure. He said, they had dug up the talon of a Lion, 18 inches long; the hoof of an Elephant; the ribs of the Mammoth; and the skull of a Giant; but that they were all destroyed. He showed me a fishing net made of bark silk, and a moc-cason of the same materials, both perfectly sound.

This cave is incomparably the largest and most complete yet explored in America.—Madison's cave, as described by Mr. Jefferson, extends only three hundred feet under ground. Whereas, the Big Bone Cave extends in its meanders, several miles! The sides of the various vaults are of solid limestone. The earth consists of nitre, salts, and copperas. In many parts of the cavern issues strong currents of air, which seem to be the effect of water, forcing itself through small aqueducts; or it may be driven by the pressure of the atmosphere, through some orifice in the top of the mountain.

The whole crust of the rock, forming the cave is full of cells and avenues, covering about five hundred acres of

land, not a hundredth part of which has been explored, and of that not a hundredth part of its riches are yet exhausted.

When the bowels of these subterraneous vaults shall be no longer able to yield their riches to gratify the avarice and cupidity of insatiated men, the cave will then become the abode of its original inhabitants, and may one day become as famous for ghosts and sceptres, as the celebrated cave of Antiparos.

This cave is the property of Major John A. Wilson, of McMinville.—It employs at present about one hundred workmen, who manufacture five hundred pounds of nitre per day.

### A LECTURE ON NOSES.

#### Ladies and Gentlemen.

Noses are the most necessary instruments that human nature has supplied us with. By the nose we can discern the sweet and foul; by the nose we can always *smell a rat*; and let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, there are so many rats in this world that it is a very fortunate thing to have a nose about us. Yet I remember when I was taking a walk a few days ago, I should have been very happy had I left my nose at home till my return, for it told me 'a dull nauseous tale,' that a sewer was just opened, and consequently there was a disagreeable smell. But to proceed:

Here ladies and gentlemen, is a *needle nose*; look at it—how sharp it is at the end—on this account it takes its name from a needle. It is very odd, ladies and gentlemen, but the mistress of this nose is a scold. I was once acquainted with a needle nosed family, and they did nothing (at least in my presence) but quarrel with one another.—To tell you the truth, I did nothing when in their presence but laugh at their silly altercations.

This is a very *long nose* indeed, and of great disadvantage to the owner.—The master and mistress never go to drink but this unmannerly thing pops into the vessel before them, as much as to say to mouth, 'follow your nose.'

There is a gentleman I know, whose nose answers this description, owing, I believe, to the many times it has been pulled—and we never yet took a pot of porter together but his long nose saw the bottom of it.

This is the *fiery nose* which sir John Falstaff was such an enemy to—'a fellow might light a torch with it.' I never go near one of them for fear I may be burned. It is worthy of consideration how all this fire gets into this nose; but the matter is soon resolved when we recollect that you fiery nosed gentry are very fond of drams. Spirits are fire in themselves, which fire always flies up into the head and comes out at the nose.

You may laugh at me ladies and gentlemen; but I assure you here is a bundle of noses together. This is very rare, but it has *been* and *is*; and I have a curious story to tell you in respect to the master of these noses. One day he met a *long nose* which was in his way, and the *bundle of noses* was in the other's way. To be sure, they both stared at each other, for neither ever saw the like; but the master of the long nose clapping his hands upon it, and moving it to one side, exclaimed, 'There, sir, you may pass on now; you are the greater man, and have the *majority*.'

This, ladies and gentlemen, is an *agui-line nose*, of no little repute among the Romans, they esteemed it a nose of sense and beauty, and very often called it the *Roman nose*. Pray examine it, ladies, and let the gentlemen whom you desire for partners be masters of these noses. Indeed, I can't say that I would recommend them to wives; there is something too masculine in them, which belongs only to the other sex. What is a beauty with men, is very often the contrary with women.

But here is a *nose* for ladies—a sweet pretty nose indeed! and she knows it that has it. Behold, how elegantly framed! exact in shape, and beautiful in form! The young lady to whom this nose belongs, is affable, and of an easy temper; I never knew her to turn it up in all my life.



No, that is the custom of this *cock'd up nose*, a vile, disagreeable thing!—My friend Darby has described the perverseness and obstinacy of his Kathieen by singing,

'The little gipsy *cock'd up* her nose.' It is certainly the greatest sign of pride and self-sufficiency that I know. I remark the *cock'd up nose* is very fond of *noes*. 'Arrah, will you kiss me, my sweet Ally Croker?'—'No, no.—Arrah, will you marry me, sweet Ally Croker?'—'No, no, no, no, no, no.' It is not to be wondered at then, that these *cocked up noses* are generally *old maids*.

Upon my word here is a nose—a *broad nose*—that you may drive a coach and six horses through. These persons who have such *prodigious handles* are reckoned very mischievous and spiteful; for to *swell the nostrils* is a sure sign of malice. All you, ladies and gentlemen, who own these exorbitant noses, pray be careful, every morning and evening to rub them down, and in a little time you may bring them into some reasonable shape.

This is a *pug nose*—a mere nothing, I may say. You see that nature intended there should be a nose, and left a vacancy for it; but perhaps had not leisure to complete it; indeed there is a substantial reason given for these *no-noses*, the owners have been so very often insolent and abusive, that when they had them in their full height and perfection, they *got them broke*; and, as my friend Paddy very fully expresses it, 'O my conscience, *gained a loss*!'

As subjects of a spiritual nature can never be clearly understood, but by the manifestation of Divine light on the understanding, we may confidently infer that in the investigation of them, reason alone must often be at default. The idea of David, at the time he exclaimed, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him," &c. was never conceived by the mind of an idolater.

## THE PROTECTING POWER OF A SUPREME BEING,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN HISTORICAL FACT.

ALTHOUGH there are few characters in the world daring enough *openly* to *avow* their *disbelief* of a *Divinity*, yet that such are to be found, is too plainly proved by that sceptical mode of reasoning which has crept into the world, and peculiarly pervades the higher orders of society: a mode of reasoning which, while it attempts to elucidate circumstances above the comprehension of weakness and mortality, obscures them in a labyrinth of artifice and sophistry, and insidiously undermines the foundation of religion.

Amidst the variety of facts which might be adduced to prove the existence of an *Almighty Being* (independent of religion and revelation), none strikes the mind with a stronger degree of conviction, than the instances which are daily occurring of wonderful preservations and miraculous escapes, which could only have been produced by the interposing hand of a supporting God, or the watchful solicitude of a protecting Father!

Amongst the number of remarkable instances of an Almighty hand snatching an individual from the jaws of destruction, and preserving life when its loss appeared inevitable, none could more strikingly evince the design of Heaven than the miraculous preservation of Sir Henry Frankland, amidst that tremendous scene of horror and devastation which was produced by the memorable *Earthquake* that happened at *Lisbon*. With the description of which, and the account of Sir Henry's extraordinary escape, I shall beg leave to close the present subject.

The month of November, so peculiarly noxious to the English constitution, must be strikingly depressive to the Portuguese spirits; for, on the first day of that melancholy month, near fifty thousand were entombed in the ruins of *Lisbon*. Previous to this dreadful convulsion of nature, the weather had been remarkably serene, and the

sea unusually calm ; and, unsuspecting of the approaching calamity, the wretched inhabitants were unprepared to meet it. Death followed close the footsteps of his herald ; the *warning* and the *blow* were struck together, and universal desolation reigned !

A rumbling noise in the earth first excited the sensation of alarm in the minds of the unfortunate inhabitants of that devoted city ; but before they had time to escape beyond its walls the greatest part of them were ingulphed beneath their ruins ! Sir Henry Frankland, who was at that time driving through one of the principal streets, listened to the noise without emotion, imagining it to proceed merely from the carriages ; but upon looking out of the window to satisfy his curiosity, his mind was appalled with the horror of the scene ! The motion of the earth was like a ship at sea, and the tottering houses, unable to support the violent shock, were pressing upon each other from opposite sides of the streets. The loftiest towers, and the most elevated steeples, were rapidly descending from their exalted height, and promiscuously blending with the humblest pebble ; whilst the shrieks of horror that rent the air sounded as the knell of his own destruction !

By a sudden impulse, he sprang from his carriage, & in a moment beheld it buried beneath a ruin ! To secure a life so wonderfully preserved, he ran under the arch of a contiguous gateway ; but scarcely had he reached the sheltering walls, when they crumbled into dust, and fell upon him. As soon as he recovered from the blow he had received, he made an effort to disengage himself from the weight that oppressed him ; but his strength and abilities seemed unequal to the task. The anguish of his mind, and the torture of his body, at length urged him to repeat the attempt, and in so doing he discovered that the pain he had endured had, in a great measure, been occasioned by the dying agonies of a fellow-sufferer, who, expiring under the torture he endured, was gnashing his teeth in the arm that pressed so tight upon his mouth as almost to en-

danger immediate suffocation. By the aid of the other hand, Sir Henry was at length enabled to remove a sufficient quantity of the rubbish to allow him to change his miserable situation, & rescue his arm from the anguish it had endured ; and by continuing to labour with the most unabating perseverance, he at length beheld a little glimmering of light. This was a sight at once consoling and reviving, as by that means he was capable of perceiving which stones he might remove without endangering others to fall upon him ; and, by a combination of caution and exertion, he recovered his liberty, and preserved his life.

If this story, which is founded on *fact*, and unembellished by *fiction*, should meet the eye of those sceptical philosophers, who neither believe in the *existence* of a *Deity*, nor the *protection* of a *Providence*, I should indulge the hope that so striking an instance, both of his *power* and *preservation*, may be the means of decreasing their *doubts*, augmenting their *confidence*, and destroying their *unbelief*.

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### VARIETY.

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#### ORIGIN AND PROGRESSION OF WIGS.

The Romans were accustomed to point out the Gauls and other barbarous nations by an appellation which, literally translated, was people with long wigs.

A peruke then meant a head of hair in disorder, uncombed, dishevelled, agitated by the wind, by battle, by dancing, and prize-fighting.

Some time after, the citizens of Rome sent to Narbonne for heads of hair, or wigs ready made, and which were so disposed as to conceal the forehead, which bore the wrinkles of age, hastened by midnight revels, labour, and the abuse of pleasure.

Juvenal deprecates the custom of wearing wigs, and bitterly censures those females who wore false hair ; while he shoots all the arrows of his ridicule on those men, who, in his time, by the aid

of black or flaxen perukes, changed the colour of their hair every season.

The Emperor Commodus wore his peruke powdered with gold dust, on which the Roman people did not fail to jest when they could do so with safety.

It was to France that we are indebted for the invention of wigs, yet the French people themselves did not adopt this species of head-dress till the year 1600.

When once Paris followed this fashion, Vienna and London, with every great city in Europe, were not long in copying her. And from this epocha sprung up a race of artists, vulgarly called hair-dressers, gossips from their calling, but often witty from nature, well skilled in adorning the human person, consequently pleasant kind of beings which are tolerated from the necessity of vanity.—These are often styled also peruke-makers.

There are few so young but who can remember the wigs of their grandfathers, especially if the old gentleman belonged to either physis or divinity: they would stand alone if put upon a table, so well were they fortified with powder and pomatum; the former of which article hung richly like a white cloak over a black coat.

The queue, the bob, and the scratch, succeeded: but the Brutus is now the only wig to be seen at present; our beaux, who wish to appear young, and have not covered their baldness like Julius Cæsar with laurels, earned in the field of honour, sport an elegant *toupet* on the summit of the head, and the ladies declare they admire them much more than a *nasty wig*.—*European Magazine*, June 1817.

#### IRONY.

MONTESQUIEU, after animadverting on the subject of slavery, says—"Were I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the negroes, these should be my arguments:

The Europeans, having extirpated the Americans, were obliged to make slaves of the Africans for clearing such vast tracts of land.

Sugar would be too dear, if the plants which produce it were cultivated by any other than slaves.

These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose that they can scarcely be pitied.

It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise Being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black ugly body.

It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men; because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow, that we ourselves are not Christians.

Weak minds exaggerate too much the wrong done to the Africans; for, were the case as they state it, would the European powers, who make so many needless conventions amongst themselves, have failed to make a general one in behalf of humanity and compassion?"

—•—•—

#### A FACT.

A clergyman travelling a road that led from a noted tavern, overtook a man on horseback, who had treated himself so kindly with *good stuff*, that his body was subject to a constant vibration from side to side;—for the sake of good company he made exertion to keep his horse along side of the clergyman's, to the great hazard of losing his seat on the saddle. 'Friend,' said the clergyman, 'whoever you be, you seem to be very happy.' 'I hope,' said the man, 'I shall be happy in the next world; I know you very well, though you are unacquainted with me—you are the very man *who converted me*.' 'Very possible,' said the clergyman, 'and it looks like some of my bungling work, which I shall be obliged to do over again.'

—•—•—

A citizen of Baltimore for the purpose of drawing attention, placed his sign up side down: it having caught the eye of a son of Hibernia, while the rain was pouring down in torrents, he was discovered, directly opposite, standing with great gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman why he stood in so singular an attitude—he answered—I am trying to read that sign.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### LINES

TO MISS S—N H—N.

"Lyre, O lyre, my dearest pleasure,

\* \* \* \* \*

Lyre, O lyre, my chosen treasure,

We must never, never part."

MONTGOMERY.

Is it not strange, that I who long  
Have follow'd Thalia in her train,  
Could twine with ease a simple wreath,  
Can scarcely now produce a strain?

I who so long her garland knew,  
As form'd but only to adorn,  
Can seldom now those roses press,  
But what I feel some hidden thorn?

Is it, forsooth, the angry queen  
Would drive me from her sylvan bow'r,  
Because I sometimes rudely grasp,  
And thereby crush a tender flow'r?

O did she know how dear my heart  
Lov'd her romantic regions wild,  
She would not spurn me from her path,  
She would not shun the lonely child.

I'll not aspire—though I have felt  
With anxious hope my bosom glow;  
All, all I ask is but to cull  
The simplest, humblest flow'rs that blow.

I'll tread with steps so soft and light  
That fame shall never catch the sound;  
I'll sweep my lyre with hand so soft  
She scarce shall hear its notes resound.

For all I ask is but to rove  
A careless muse, unheard, unknown;  
And all I wish, to gain me back  
That treasure which I claim my own.

ELLA.

### REVENGE.

Revenge is but a frailty, incident  
To craz'd and sickly minds; the poor content  
Of little souls, unable to surmount  
An injury—too weak to bear affront.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### TO SOLITUDE.

THRO' the wood and thro' the grove,  
How I love with thee to rove;  
Or to trace the flow'ry scene  
Of hills and vales and meadows green;  
To hear the feather'd warblers sing,  
Or see them pass on flutt'ring wing,  
Or cheerful hop from leafy spray to spray,  
Or hail the blest return of renovating day.

O'er the balmy-scented hill  
How I love to roam at will;  
Or recline beneath the shade  
Of beech or maple in the glade;  
Or trace the gently murmur'ing stream,  
Enliven'd by the noontide beam;  
Where finny tribes at random sport and play,  
And leap and glisten in the sun's reviving ray.

But when Sol, with loosen'd rein,  
Sinks toward the western main,  
Then with thee, sweet Solitude!  
I love to trace those fragments rude,  
Where nature in her wild attire,  
Presides o'er crag and lofty spire.  
Those awful scenes exalt the thought;  
To Him who made and guides the universal whole.

Chief when ev'ning, clad in shade,  
Wraps the hill and dusky glade,  
Love I through the realms of space,  
On contemplation's wing to trace  
The works of that dread potency  
Who deck'd with stars the lofty sky;  
Who launch'd those orbs unwieldy into space,  
And gave each flaming sun to know his destin'd place. A. STRONG,  
Durham, (N. Y.) May 1st, 1817.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### ENIGMA.

THE name of that goddess who dwelt in  
the isle  
Where Telemachus wreck'd, was receiv'd  
with her smile;  
The name of the mount where old Vulcan  
makes thunder,

And the name of a place once the world's  
greatest wonder;  
The name of the nymph who bore nectar to  
Jove,  
And the name of an object of Venus's love;  
The name of a flow'r of the sweetest per-  
fume,  
And the name of the mount where the gods  
love to roam  
The name of the nymphs who dwell in the  
sea,  
And the abode of the blest when from earth  
they are free;  
The name of a populous city in France,  
And the name of a once very popular dance,  
The name of the priests of the fair goddess  
Isis,  
The name of a river, and where Sol always  
rises.  
The initials of these join'd together explain  
The name of a nymph, whom to mention is  
pain. C.

—o—

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

#### DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

A German Almanack, recently published, contains some details concerning the dog named Barry, one of the predecessors of those who lately perished amidst the snows of the Great St. Bernard; the following interesting story is extracted from the abovementioned Almanack:

"This sagacious animal once found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his skin is stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains is still suspended from his neck."

—

DEEP falls the snow on Bernard's height,  
And Dronaz's bridge is hoar;  
No cottage-taper cheers the sight,  
Or convent's open door:  
No human foot may dare to trace  
Balsora's plains so white;

Not valor's self, with fearless face,  
On Dronaz treads to night.

The convent-house is far away,  
No friendly monk is nigh,  
The pilgrim kneels him down to pray,—  
To pray, alas! and die!  
For on Saint Bernard's wint'ry brow  
No sunbeams ever play,  
Nor 'mid its wild'ring tracks of snow  
Dare monk or friar stray.

Now wand'ring 'mid the cheerless gloom  
There roams a truant boy;  
The glow of health his cheeks illumine,  
His eye is bright with joy:  
Unconscious he of all the woes  
A parent's bosom swell,  
He hails Balsora's gather'd snows,  
And sighs to say farewell.

But now that flush of joy has fled,  
That eye no more is bright,  
For lo, in vain he seeks the shed  
He left at morning light:  
The tears that flow from either eye  
Are at their fountain froze,  
'Till chill'd and numb'd, he sinks to die  
Amid the mountain-snows.

To die! ah no, for Barry lives  
The urchin's life to save;  
His breath the dying boy revives,  
And snatches from the grave:  
But not enough his form to grasp  
From an untimely tomb,  
His back he bids the wand'rer clasp,  
And bears him safely home!

But, Barry, what was thy reward  
For all this care and toil?  
'Twas more than falls to ev'ry bard,—  
The "sunshine of a smile!"  
Yet, like the bard, when age drew near  
And shorten'd fast thy breath,  
They gave thee dainties rich and dear,  
And hurried thee to death.

ALBERT.

—o—

#### EPIGRAM.

Says Doll, though female merit's scant,  
'Tis the palm of beauty ours;  
True, answers John, the frailest plant  
Bears commonly the fairest flow'rs:

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1817.

## Intelligence.

On Wednesday the 27th ult. a duel was fought at Hoboken—on Sunday following *another*—and on Monday morning the 1st inst. *another*! Shortly after the third duel, some persons attracted by the noise of the pistols went to the fatal spot, where they found the body of a man about 45 years of age! A ball had entered his right side, and went out of his left shoulder. On the corpse was found written on a piece of paper with a pencil, J. GIBBS, Esq.—*Gaz.*

The above gentleman is said to belong to the Island of Jamaica—and a love affair the cause of the duel. A writer in the Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday, in his observations on a duel lately fought at Savannah, in which a young gentleman of the name of O'Driscoll, a married man, was killed, or rather murdered; and adverting to the above fatal one, says, "I feel the more poignantly on this subject, because of a duel fought yesterday (the 1st inst.) by two gentlemen (as they would be called) of this city, at Hoboken. By the first shot, I am told, they struck off their coat buttons; yet, by consent of their *seconds*, they approached still nearer to each other—one was killed, and the other is said to be mortally wounded. How honorable! Alas—he who vaunted of honor in all the luxuriance of abused health in the morning, had his body cast on the beach by *his murderers*, a bleeding, degraded, foul spectacle, surrounded by inquisitive crowds, without a friendly hand to close his eyes or wash his guilty wounds.—Oh how honorable!!! Who would not brave the omnipotent arm of Jehovah, and despise his laws to gain so enviable a distinction! Can this be a Christian community, to tolerate such enormities? where is the power and benefit of the laws we boast of, whilst murderers are placed by public opinion above all law."

The Charleston Patriot observes, that Mr. O'Driscoll, was only 24 years of age—that he has left a young and affectionate wife, in a state which must add to the poignancy of her grief—the desolation of her hopes. He has left a father, whose pride and satisfaction were centered in an only son—three sisters who look in vain for the glances of those eyes, ever beaming with fraternal love; and a mother—how shall I speak of her to whom he never gave a pang but by his death; who lived upon his smiles, and hung with the fondest clasp of maternal affection to his person and his happiness. The hand of Heaven has fallen upon an afflicted family, but the stores of Divine Mercy are opened to them by Religion.

*Horrid catastrophe!*—Mr. Schutz, proprietor of a circulating library, in Alexandria, (Virg.) last week, in a fit of delirium, tore up the seat of his necessary, and precipitated himself down into the vault, (a depth of 20 feet,) and was instantly suffocated.

A letter from Vienna (says one of our London papers) of the 2d of July mentions that the mountain called the Hansruck, Upper Austria, has disappeared, and its place is supplied by a lake. This mountain was very high, and the country around took its name from it. Since the preceding month several phenomena had warned the inhabitants that something awful would happen, and there were frequent subterraneous noises heard. About a dozen cottages, which were built in various parts of the hill, have of course disappeared; but it was not known whether any person perished in them.

The Baroness de Stael Holstein, daughter of the celebrated Neckar, died on the 15th of July, in the 50th year of her age. She has left a son and daughter, the latter is married to the Duke de Broglie, a Peer of France;

The London papers of the 22d of July state, as intelligence received from Nuremburg, (Germany) that Russia had



engaged to support the royal interest in South America, with a fleet of six ships of the line, and a strong land force of from 15, to 20,000 men; in consideration of the cession of Old and New California, on the Pacific, and the Island of Minorca in the Mediterranean, with certain commercial advantages.

The Havannah Diary of the 7th of August last, contains an official return of all the Slaves imported into that port from Africa, from the 1st of December to the last of July (a period of but 8 months) amounting in the total, to *eleven thousand, one hundred and sixty-one.*

### USEFUL.

*Medical virtues of the Nettle.*—It has long been my sentiment, that the most common gifts of Providence are the most useful, salutary and worthy of estimation. To prove that this opinion has not been ill founded, I will, at present, apply it to only one instance, of which I can speak with great confidence.

The common stinging nettle, apparently as useless and troublesome a plant as any that has been stigmatized with the name of weed, is one of the most efficacious medicines we have in the vegetable kingdom: in the form of a strong decoction, or infusion, taken in the quantity of a pint in a day, it is a most valuable strengthener of general or partial relaxation. In that of a weak decoction, or infusion, it proves an admirable alternative and deobstruent in impurities of the blood, and in obstructions of the vessels. And in that of expressed juice, taken by spoonfuls, as the exigency of the case requires, it is the most powerful styptic in the internal bleedings known.—Externally applied, as a fomentation or poultice, it amazingly decreases inflammation, and resolves swellings. In the common sore throat, thus applied, and internally as a gargle, great dependence may safely be put in this common plant. I have been witness to its great efficacy therein in many instances.—*Eng. Mag.*

### MARRIED,

Mr. Joseph Perry, of this city, to Miss Lydia Peters, daughter of Gen. Absalom Peters, of New-Hampshire.

By the rev. Mr. Milner, Mr. James D. Stout, engraver, to Miss Susan Smith, both of this city.

Mr. John F. Adriance, to Miss Hannah Rogers, daughter of Leonard Rogers, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Borck, Mr. Robert Beck Laidles, of Philadelphia, to Miss Rachael Bancker, of this city.

By the rev. John Knox, Mr. John Johnston, merchant, to Mrs. Margaret Howard, daughter of John Taylor, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. H. Remsen, merchant, to Miss Sarah Bertine, daughter of Mr. James Bertine, all of this city.

By the right rev. bishop Connolly, Mr. Charles Chambers, to Miss Jane Mullanphy, daughter of John Mullanphy, esq.

By the rev. Mr. McClelland, Hugh Wallace, esq. of the British army, to Miss Mary Benham, daughter of Mr. Benham, of this city.

In Stratford, Eng. Mr. C. Addison, to Miss F. Bowman. This lady was long detained as a prisoner in the seraglio of the Dey of Algiers, from which she lately escaped.

The City Inspector reports the death of 122 persons, in this city, from the 16th to the 30th August.

### DIED

Mr. Richard Snow.

Mrs. Rachael Devereaux.

Mr. William H. Cooper, 17.

Mr. John Bontigue, aged 66.

Mrs. Jemima Lankbury, aged 86.

Mr. John F. Suydam, merchant, 44.

Mrs. Jane Weaver, widow of the late Wm. Weaver, esq. aged 84.

Mr. Quintin Millen, formerly a merchant, aged 82.

After a short illness, of the typhus fever, John Durell, aged 17, youngest son of the late Philip Durell.

At Rehoboth, last week, Mr. Jonathan Peck, aged 84. It is said of this man, that he had never during his protracted life, been confined to his bed, until the day on which he died.

At Hartford, (Con.) the 29th ult. the rev. David Bacon, aged 46.

At Pomfret, Con. Mr. Eliasaph Whitney, aged 103 years and 3 days.

At Charleston, S. C. of the fever, Mrs. Henrietta H. Baff, a native of New-York, aged 22.

Mr. Edward J. Brown, aged 24, a native of Salem, Mass.

## MORALITY.

WHAT is this world in the Immensity which teems with them—and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on a stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know, by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and, an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of the world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little rounds among the suns and systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness, and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may effect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe to-

wards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents. These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, & death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security of his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care. It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But, such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts: that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power, which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.—*Chalmer's Discourses.*